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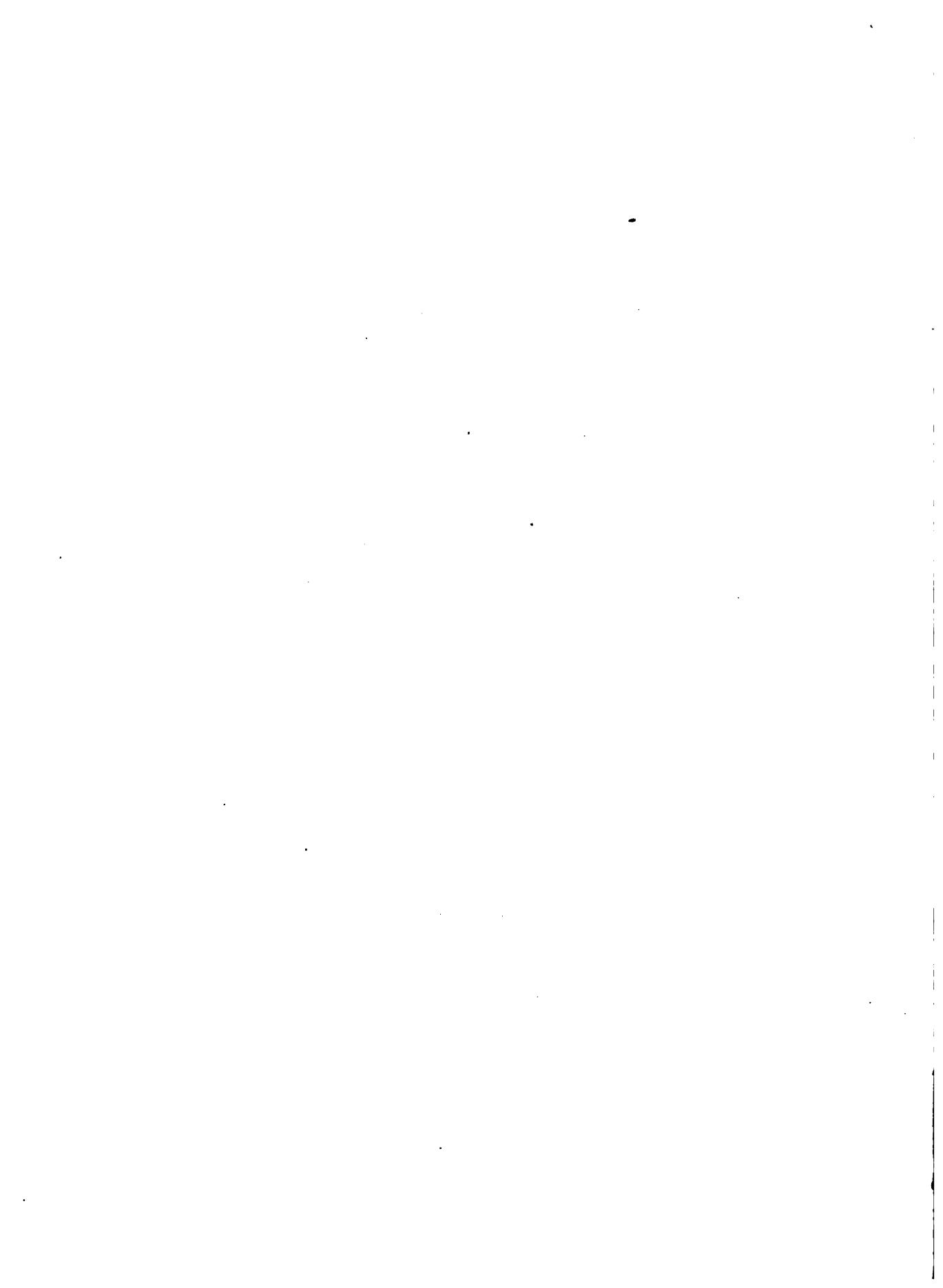
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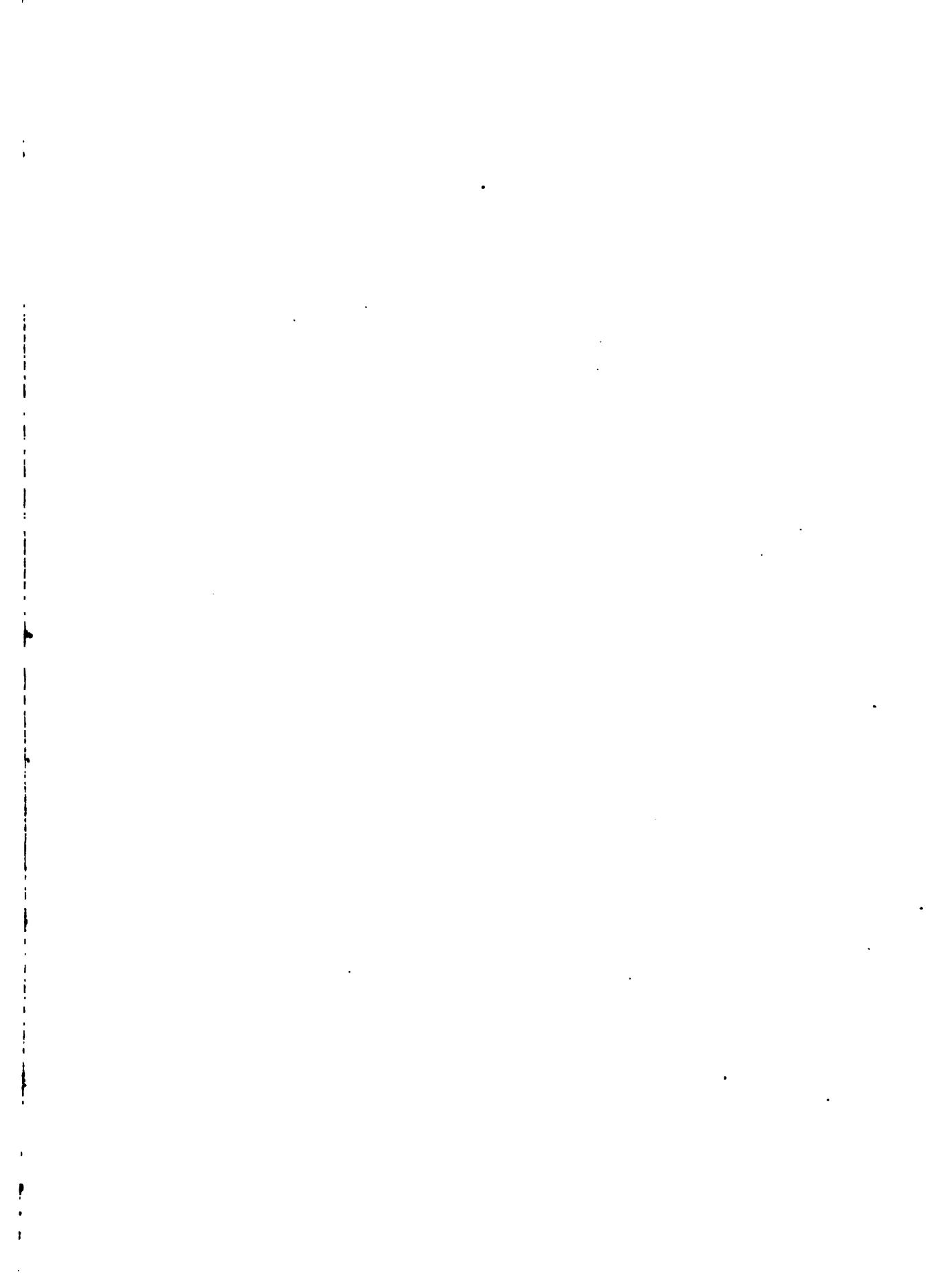
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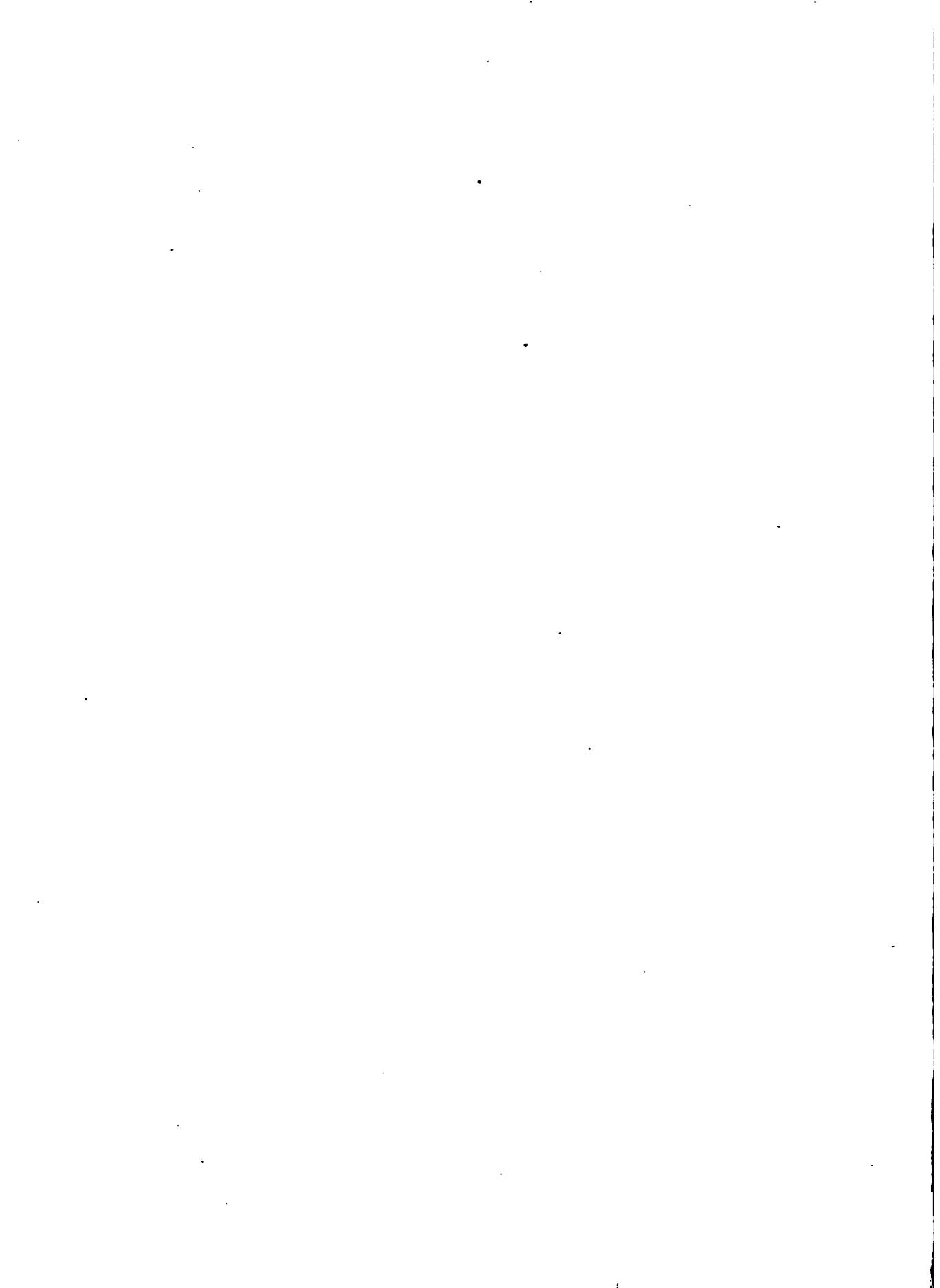
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STUDENTS' SONGS

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THIRTEENTH

EDITION.



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BOSTON, MASS.

RAND AVERY COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
The Franklin Press

PREFACE TO THE FIFTY-SEVENTH THOUSAND.

Mus 560.6.3

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W. H. HILLS.

JULY, 1887.

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INDEX OF TITLES.

TITLE	PAGE	PAGE	
ANNEX MAID, THE	34	MA-RI HAD A LITTLE LAMB	30
AURA LEE	43	MEERSCHAUM PIPE	51
BAGPIPES, THE	52	MERMAID, THE	27
BEAUTIFUL BALLAD OF WASKA WEE	36	MERRY CHINK, CHINK, CHINK, THE	46
BOLD FISHERMAN, THE	50	MICHAEL ROY	26
BULL-DOG, THE	59	MIDSHIPMITE, THE	12
CHING-A-LING-LING	16	MUSH, MUSH	40
CLIMBING, CLIMBING, CLIMBING	7	MY BONNIE	29
CLOTILDA.—A SERENADE	53	MY LADY	43
COCKLES AND MUSSELS	55	MY LOVE AT THE WINDOW	15
DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA	20	MY SUSANNA	38
DRINKING SONG	39	NAUGHTY CLARA	56
DRINK, PUPPY, DRINK	11	OH! GIVE ME A HOME BY THE SEA	5
DUKE OF YORK, THE.—MARCH	31	Ω· A· X·	60
FAIR HARVARD	10	OVER THE GARDEN WALL	24
FAREWELL FOREVER	44	PEANUT SONG	23
FORSAKEN AM I!	45	POCO'S DAUGHTER, THE	33
FRA DIAVOLO	35	POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE	42
GEE! WHOA! DOBBIN!	57	QUILTING PARTY, THE	41
GIN SLING	45	SERENADE	58
H ₂ S O ₄	49	SPANISH GUITAR, THE	21
HALICO! CALICO!	54	TALLY-HO!	14
HORRIBLE TALE, A	22	THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN	8
IN HEAVEN ABOVE	49	THREE FLIES, THE.—BALLAD	53
I'VE LOST MY DOGGY	53	THREE LITTLE KITTENS.—CHANT	60
I WISH I WERE A —	60	TWO ROSES, THE	25
JAPANESE LOVE SONG	18	"WAY UP ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP-TIP-TOP	28
JINGLE, BELLS	32	WELLESLEY COLLEGE SONG	48
LADY IN CRAPE, THE	47	WHO CAN TELL?	55
MAID OF COUNTY PERTH	58	"YALE MEN SAY."—MARCHING SONG	17
MAID OF YORK BEACH, THE	53	YOUNG LOVER, THE	37

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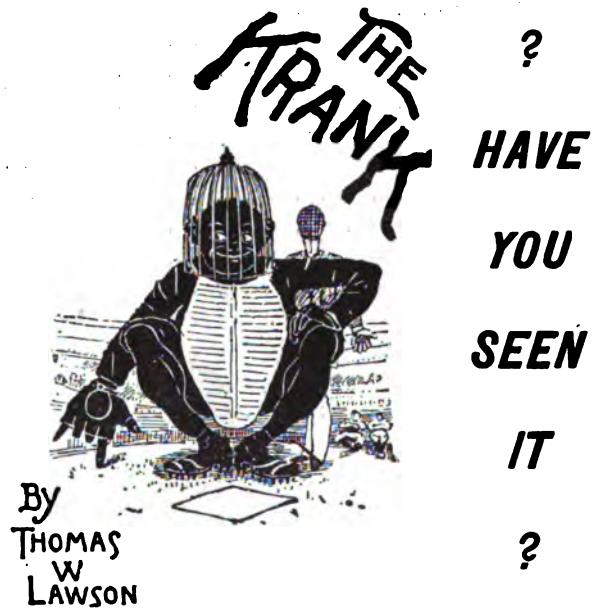
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STUDENTS' SONGS.

OH! GIVE ME A HOME BY THE SEA.

Words and Music by E. A. HOSMER.

Con spirito.

PIANO.

1. Oh! give me a home by the sea,
 2. At morn when the sun from the east,
 3. At eve when the moon in her pride,
 Where wild waves are crest-ed with foam,
 Comes man-tled in crim-son and gold,
 Rides queen of the soft summer night,
 Where
 Whose
 And

shril winds are car-ol - ing free,
 hues on the billows are cast,
 gleams on the murmur - ing tide,
 As o'er the blue waters they
 Which spark - les with splendor un - .
 With floods of her sil-ver - y

6 OH! GIVE ME A HOME BY THE SEA. Concluded.

come; For I'd list to the ocean's loud roar, And joy in its stormi - est told; Oh! then by the shore would I stray, And roam as the halcy - on light; Oh! earth has no beauty so rare, No place that is dearer to

glee, Nor ask in this wide world for more, Than a home by the deep heaving free, From en - vy and care far a - way, At my home by the deep heaving me, Then give me so free and so fair, A home by the deep heaving

Chorus.

sea. A home, a home, a home by the heaving sea.
sea.
sea.

D.C.

sea, A home, a home, a home by the heaving sea. . . .

tr

D.C.

CLIMBING, CLIMBING, CLIMBING.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

Andante.

cres.

8va.

p

Shouted.

1. There is a tav-ern in the town, in the town, And there my dear love sits him
 2. He left me for a dam-sel dark, dam-sel dark, Each Fri-day night they used to
 3. Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep, Put tomb-stones at my head and

down, sits him down, And drinks his wine 'mid laugh-ter free, And
 spark, used to spark, And now my love, 'mid laugh-ter free, And
 feet, head and feet, And on my breast, once true to
 And Takes To

Chorus.

nev-er, nev-er thinks of me.
 that dark dam-sel on his knee.
 sig-ni-fy I died of love.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, Do not

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN. Concluded. 9

let the part-ing grieve thee, And re - mem - ber that the best of friends must part, must part. A-

dieu, a - dieu, kind friends, a - dieu, a - dieu, a - dieu, I can no lon - ger stay with

you, stay with you, I'll hang my harp on a weep - ing wil - low tree, And

may the world go well with thee. thee.

poco rit.

1st. and 2d.

FAIR HARVARD.

Andante. mf

1. Fair Har-vard! thy sons to thy ju - bi - lee throng, And with bless - ings sur-ren-der thee
 2. To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in - fan - tile

o'er, By these fes - ti - val rites, from the age that is past, To the age that is wait - ing be -
 years, When our fa-thers had warned, and our moth-ers had prayed, And our sis - ters had blest, thro' their

fore. O rel - ic and type of our an - ces-tor's worth, That has long kept their mem - o - ry
 tears; Thou then wert our pa-rent, the nurse of our souls, We were mould-ed to man-hood by

warm, First flow'r of their wil - der - ness! star of their night, Calm ris-ing thro' change and thro' storm!
 thee, Till freighted with treasure-tho's friendships, and hopes, Thou did'st launch us on Des-ti - ny's sea.

3 When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
 To what kindlings the season gives birth!

Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
 Than descend on less privileged earth;
 For the good and the great, in their beautiful prime,
 Through thy precincts have musingly trod;
 As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams
 That make glad the fair city of God.

4 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!

To thy children the lesson still give,
 With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
 And for right ever bravely to live.
 Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
 As the world on truth's current glides by;
 Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love,
 Till the stock of the Puritans die.

DRINK, PUPPY, DRINK.

11

Moderato. mf

1. Here's to the fox in his earth below the rocks! And here's to the line that we
 2. Here's to the horse, and the rider too, of course, And here's to the ral-ly o' the
 3. Here's to the gap, and the timber that we rap, Here's to the white thorn and the
 4. Oh, the pack is staunch and true, now they run from scent to view, And its worth the risk to life and limb and

mf

8ves.

fol - low, And here's to the hound with his nose up - on the ground, Though
 hunt, boys, Here's a health to ev - 'ry friend, who can strug - gie to the end, And
 black, too; And here's to the pace that puts life in - to the chase, And the
 neck, boys; To see them drive and stoop 'till they fin - ish with "Who-whoop" For-ty

ff

Chorus.

mer - ri - ly we whoop, and we hol - loa.
 here's to the Tally Ho in front, boys.
 fence that gives a moment to the pack, too.
 min - utes on the grass without a check, boys.

Then drink, pup - py, drink, And let ev - 'ry pup - py drink, That is

f

8ves.

old e - enough to lap and to swallow, For he'll grow in - to a hound, So we'll

pass the bot - tle round, And mer - ri - ly we'll WHOOP,* and we'll hol - loa! hol - loa!

I *V2*

* Falsetto shriek *ad lib.*

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by STEPHEN ADAMS.

Con spirito.

1. 'Twas in 'fif - ty five, on a win - ter's night,

CHORUS.

Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd got the Roosh - an lines in sight, When

CHORUS.

up comes a lit - tle mid - ship-mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a - shore to -

night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why, bless ee, sir, come a -

THE MIDSHIPMITE. Concluded.

13

CHORUS.

long," says we, *Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho!* *Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo*

rall. *Chorus. tempo.*

ho! . . . With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,

rall. *p*

Gai - ly, boys, on make her go! *An' we'll drink to - night To the Mid - - ship -*

rall. *f voce.*

mite, Sing - ing Cheer - i - ly, lads, yo ho!

Last time.

Last time.

2 We launch'd the cutter and shoved her out,
 CHO. Cheerily my lads, yo ho!
 The lubbers might ha' heard us shout,
 As the Middy cried, "Now, my lads, put about!"
 CHO. Cheerily my lads, yo ho!
 We made for the guns, an' we rammed them tight,
 But the musket shots came left and right,
 An' down drops the poor little Midshipmite. Cho.

3 "I'm done for now; good bye!" says he,
 CHO. Steadily, my lads, yo ho!
 "You make for the boat, never mind for me!"
 "We'll take ee' back, sir, or die," says we,
 CHO. Cheerily my lads, yo ho!
 So we hoisted him in, in a terrible plight,
 An' we pull'd ev'ry man with all his might,
 An' we sav'd the poor little Midshipmite. Cho.

TALLY HO !

Allegro.

1. On the nine - teenth of March, in the year fif - ty - three, We
 2. We met on Scrag - gy moun - tain at Barney Brek - lin's inn, Where

had a re - cre - a - tion in our coun-tree; Just four and twen - ty gen - tle - men came
 ev - ery man his whis-key took that shivered in his skin; At six o'clock old Bil - ly's horn re -

down from Bal - ly Box, On four and twen - ty hor - ses, in search of a fox.
 sound - ed in our ears, And ev - ery man his sad - die took 'mid four and twenty cheers.

Chorus.

repeat accel.

Tal - ly ho ! hark- a-way ! Tal - ly ho ! hark- a-way ! Tal - ly ho ! hark- a-way, my boys, a-way ! hark- a-way.

3 When Sir Reynard was started he made straight for
 the hollow
 Where none but the huntsmen and the blooded nags
 dare follow;
 From six to twelve he led the pack 'mid hedge and
 ditch sublime,
 But lost his way in Dolly's Brae for purely loss of
 time.—Cho.

4 When Mr. Fox was caught at last, he laid him down to
 die,
 And while the dogs were kept at bay he muttered with
 a sigh,
 "To him that cleared that five-barred gate, and first dis-
 mounted here,
 I leave my tail and coat of mail for four-and-twenty
 year.—Cho.

MY LOVE AT THE WINDOW.

Tempo di Valse.

Tempo di Valsa

BASSES. *x x p p p p* BASSES. *x x*

1. I see my love at the win - dow, look, look, look! I see my love at the win - dow, look.
 2. Oh, there she is at the win - dow, Oh, there she is at the win - dow,
 3. She throws a kiss from the win - dow, She throws a kiss from the win - dow,

mf

look, look! I see my love at the win - dow, Look! you can see her now.
 Oh, there she is at the win - dow, Look! you can see her now.
 She throws a kiss from the win - dow, Look! you can see her now.

YÖDEL.

Vocal accompaniment.

D.C.

D.C.

CHING-A-LING-LING.

mf Grazioso.

1. We rev - el in song, in Spain we be - long, Far o'er the o - cean, when
 2. We charm and en - trance all men in the dance, Come they from near us, or

Grazioso.

Lu - ci - fer's star Shines clear in the east, We're - turn from the feast To the
 come they from far; We dance and we glide, While loud, far and wide, Sounds the

Allegretto.

tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! Ha! Ching-a-ling-a-ling! ching-a-ling-a-ling! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Ha! These were the words which we heard from a - far: Ching-a-ling - a-ling! ching-a-ling-a-ling!

Ha! ha! ha! ha! To the tune of our light gui - tar, Ha! ha!

"YALE MEN SAY."—MARCHING SONG.

Tempo di marcia.

1. Yale men say their crew is sure to win, Let them

talk and put up all their tin; We will bet all the mon-ey we have in

view That we'll show four miles of rudder to the crack New Ha - ven crew.

JAPANESE LOVE SONG.

Words by W. YARDLEY.

Music by COTSFORD DICK.

Tempo rubato. S: 8va.....

Sheet music for 'Japanese Love Song' featuring piano and vocal parts. The vocal part includes lyrics in English and Japanese. The piano part provides harmonic support with various chords and patterns. The vocal part includes dynamic markings like *mf* and *8va*, and performance instructions like *Piu lento.* and *a tempo.*

1. Me once-y time a - go, Knew nice-y lit - tie man, He name him- self-ey Pea Cue
 2. Lit - tie mis - sy, laugh - y guess, So hap - py as she am, "Ask pap - py dear - y Chang Fi

Sin, He lov - ey mis - sy so, (She call her name - y Fan) "How
 Fow, Yum pap - py nod - dy yes, Him sweet as jol - ly jam, And

8va.....

do - ey missey, well?" Chin - Chin He kiss - ey lit - tie miss - y, (She
 ber - ry mummy nice, Chow - Chow. Um lov - ey lit - tie dove - y, Um

Piu lento.

call her name - y Fan) Lit - tie miss - ey which he love - y much - ey so,
 duck - y lit - tie Fan, Pit - ty, pop - sy, wop - sy, tid - dy, ic - kie sing,
 And

a tempo.

mis-ay when he kis-sy, "Go a-way um naughty man," But um naughty, naughty man,
dov-ey say she love-y, For her fin-ger bring a ring, For her fin-ger bring a ring,

a tempo.

But um naughty, naughty man,
For her fin-ger bring a ring, But um naughty man a-way um wouldn't
For her fin-ger bring a Ching a ring a

go, go go! Tip Top Whip Top Sing So Hi, Hum Top Sing So Lo;
ring Ching ring! Tip Top etc.

1st ending. V Last ending.

Chip Chop Cherry Chop up to the very top; Tumble down lo Sing So. So.

D.S.:S:
Tempo 1mo. ff

The musical score consists of five staves of music for voice and piano. The top staff is for the voice, and the bottom staff is for the piano. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Performance markings such as 'a tempo.', dynamics (f, p, mf), and tempo changes (Tempo 1mo., ff) are included. The score is divided into sections by bar lines and measures, with specific endings labeled '1st ending. V' and 'Last ending.'

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

Allegretto.

1. Way down in the mead-ow where the li - ly first blows, Where the wind from the
fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tie dove, The pride. of the
2. She's fair as a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she nev - er was
most grace - ful curls hangs her ra - ven - black hair, And she nev - er

1 2

moun- tains ne'er ruf - fles the rose; Lives girl that I love.
val - ley, the known to put paint on her cheek; In the re - quires per - fum - ery there.

Chorus. f

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die;

f

rit

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

3 Evelina and I one fine evening in June
Took a walk all alone by the light of the moon,
The planets all shone, for the heavens were clear,
And I felt round the heart most tremendously queer.—Cho.

4 Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar,
Evelina still lives in that green grassy holler,
Although I am fated to marry her never,
I've sworn that I'll love her for ever and ever.—Cho.

Moderato. mf

1. When I was a stu - dent at Ca - diz, I played on the Span-ish Gui-tar ching!ching! I
 2. I'm no long-er a stu - dent at Ca - diz, But I play on the Span-ish Gui-tar ching!ching! And

mf

used to make love to the la - dies, I think of them now when a - far, ching! ching!
 still I am fond of the la - dies, Though now I'm a hap - py pa - pa, ching! ching!

Chorus.

Ring!ching!ching!Ring!ching!ching!Ring out ye bells, oh, ring out ye bells, oh, ring out ye bells!

Repeat chorus softly.

Ring!ching!ching!ring!ching!ching!ring out ye bells, As I play on the Span-ish gui - tar, ching!ching!

A HORRIBLE TALE.

Andante doloroso.

More doloroso.

1. { Oh! a hor - ri - ble tale I
The pa - ri - ent was so

mf

Still more doloroso.

have to tell, Of sad dis - as - ters that be - fel A fam - i - lee that
grim a guf - fin He nev - er liked no fun nor nuf - fin, And he nev - er made the

As much doloroso as possible.

once re - sid - ed Just in the ve - ry same thor - ough - fare as I did.
least - est en - deav - or To crack a joke, not what - sum - dev er.

Chorus. prestissimo. *poco cres.*

For, oh! it is such a hor - ri - ble tale, 'Twill make your fac - es all turn pale; Your

ppp mysterioso trem. *poco cres.*

andante. *prestissimo.* *D.C.*

eyes with grief will be o - ver - come, Twee - die twad die twid - die twid - die twum.

2. They nev-er saw no com-pa-nee,
Though they was a most respectable fa-mi-lee
And ev'-ry boy and ev'-ry gall
Grew hy-po-con-der-i-a-cal.
They thought they had all sorts of sorers,
And conjured up all kinds of horrors,
Each had a face as long as a ladder,
And was frightened into fits if they see their own
shadder.

3. They sat with the cur-tains drawn down tight,
On pur-pose for to keep out the light,
Fa-ther, mo-ther, sister, and brother,
Ne-ver spoke a single word to one another.
Well, at last this doleful, dismal lot,
So dreadful mel-an-cho-ly got,
That an end to theirselves they did agree,
Just as soon as they could settle upon which end it
was to be.

4. First the father into the garden did walk,
And cut his throat with a lump of chalk;
Then the mother an end to herself she put,
By a-hanging of herself in the water butt;
Then the sister went down on her bended knees,
And smothered herself with a toasted cheese:
But the brother who was a determined young feller,
Went and poisoned himself with his umberella.

5. Then the little baby in the cradle,
Shot itself dead with the silver ladle,
While the servant girl seeing what they did,
She strangled herself with the saucepan lid;
The miserable cat, by the kitchen fire,
Swallowed a portion of the fender and did expire:
And a fly on the ceiling—this case was the wust' un,
Went and blowed itself up with spontaneous combus-tion.

6. Then in there walked the auctioneer
Who did with the furniture disappear,
And the broker's man,—this ain't no fable,—
Made himself away with a three-legged table;
When the walls saw this, their sides they splits,
The windows cracked themselves to bits;
And so universal was the slaughter rate,
There was nothing left at all but an unpaid water
rate.

MORAL. So here's a moral if you choose,
Don't never give way to the blues,
Or you may come to the dreadful ends,
Of these my melancholy friends.
For ain't it now a horrible tale,
Hope it's made your faces all turn pale,
Your eyes with grief is overcome,
Tweedle, twaddle, twiddle twaddle twum!

PEANUT SONG.

Energetically. ad lib.

2. Oh! all ye fellers that have sherry chicken, and give your neighbor none, etc.
3. Oh! all ye fellers that have pickled persimmons, and give your neighbor none, etc.
4. Oh! all ye fellers that have huckleberry pot-pie, and give your neighbor none, etc.
5. Oh! all ye fellers that have soft, sweet, soda-crackers, and give your neighbor none, etc.
6. Oh! all ye fellers that have nice, sour, Measina oranges, and give your neighbor none, etc.
7. Oh! all ye fellers that have Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, and give your neighbor none, etc.
8. Oh! all ye fellers that have ripe, rich, red strawberry short-cake, and give your neighbor none, etc.
9. Oh! all ye fellers that have California clam chowder and oysters on the half-shell, and give your neighbor none,
etc. **SPOKEN.** Not if I knows myself.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

Words by HARRY HUNTER.

Music by G. D. Fox.

Vivace.
ff

1. Oh, my love stood un - der the wal - nut tree, O - ver the gar - den wall, She
 2. But her fath - er stamped and her fath - er raved, O - ver the gar - den wall, And

p

whis - pered and said she'd be true to me, O - ver the gar - den wall, She'd
 like an old mad - man he be - haved, O - ver the gar - den wall, She

beau - ti - ful eyes, and beau - ti - ful hair, She was not ver - y tall, so she stood on a chair, And
 made a bou - queit of ro - ses red, But im - me - di - ate - ly I popped up my head, He

man - y a time have I kissed her there, O - ver the gar - den wall.
 gave me a buck - et of water in - stead, O - ver the gar - den wall.

Chorus.

3 One day I jumped down on the other side,
Over the garden wall,
And she bravely promised to be my bride,
Over the garden wall;
But she screamed in a fright, "Here's father, quick!"
I have an impression he's bringing a stick."
But I brought the impression of half a brick,
Over the garden wall.—Cho.

4 But where there's a will there's always a way,
Over the garden wall,
There's always a night as well as a day,
Over the garden wall;
We hadn't much money, but weddings are cheap,
So while the old fellow was snoring asleep,
With a lad and a ladder, she managed to creep
Over the garden wall.—Cho.

THE TWO ROSES.

WERNER.

MICHAEL ROY.

Allegretto. *mf*

1. In Brook-lyn ci - ty there lived a maid, And she was known to fame; Her
 2. She fell in love with a char - coal man, Mc - Clos - key was his name; His
 3. Mc - Clos - key shout-ed and hol-lered in vain, For the donk - ey would - n't stop; And he

mf

moth-er's name was Ma - ri Ann, And hers was Ma - ri Jane; And ev-e-ry Sat-ur-day
 fight-ing weight was seven stone ten And he loved sweet Ma - ri Jane; He took her to ride in his
 threw Ma-ri Jane right o - ver his head, Right in - to a pol - i - cy shop; When Mc - Clos - key saw that

morn - ing She used to go o - ver the riv - er, And went to market where
 char - coal cart On a fine St. Pat - rick's day, But the don-ky took fright at a
 ter - ri - ble sight; His heart it was moved with pi - ty, So he stabbed the donkey with a

Chorus. *f*

she sold eggs, And sass-a-ges, like-wise liv - er. For oh!.. For oh!.. he was my dar-ling
 Jer -sey man, And started and ran a - way.
 bit of charcoal, And started for Salt Lake ci - ty.

Shouted.

Repeat chorus *pp*

boy, FOR he was the lad with the au - burn hair, And his name was Mi - chael Roy.

THE MERMAID.

27

Moderato. *mf*

1. "Twas Fri - day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land, When the cap - tain spied a
 2. Then out spake the captain of our gallant ship, And a well spoken man was he : "I have married me a wife

*mf*Chorus. *f*

lovely mermaid, With a comb and a glass in her hand. Oh! the o - cean waves may
 in Sa-lém town, And to - night she a wid - der will be."

roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While we poor sail - ors go skipping to the tops, And the

land lub-bers lie down be - low, be-low, be-low, And the land lub-bers lie down be - low.

accel.

3 Then out spake the cook of our gallant ship,
 And a fat old cookie was he :
 "I care much more for my pottles and my kets,
 Than I do for the depths of the sea."—Cho.

4 Then out spake the boy of our gallant ship,
 And a well spoken laddie was he :
 "I've a father and a mother in Boston city,
 But to-night they childless will be."—Cho.

5 "Oh! the moon shines bright, and the stars give light;
 Oh! my mammy'll be looking for me :
 She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep
 She may look to the bottom of the sea."—Cho.

6 Then three times around went our gallant ship,
 And three times around went she ;
 Then three times around went our gallant ship,
 And she sank to the depths of the sea.—Cho.

Moderato. *mf*
SOLO.

1. Hark! I hear a voice, 'way up on the mountain-top-tip-top, De-scend-ing down below, De-

PIANO.

PIANO.

PIANO.

PIANO.

PIANO.

PIANO.

PIANO.

Chorus.

1. V 2.

SOLO.

scend-ing down below. -scend-ing down below. Let us all . . . u-nite in love, Trusting

1. V 2.

CHORUS.

Let us all unite in love,

in the powers a - bove, Let us -bove,

Trust-ing in

the powers a - bove,

the powers a - bove.

accel.

Mer-ri- ly now we roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, Merri- ly now we roll, roll, o-ver the deep blue sea.

ritard.

Mer-ri- ly now we roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, Merri- ly now we roll, roll, o-ver the deep blue sea.

2
Little Jacky Horner,
A-sitting in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He stuck in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a big boy am I!"
CHO. Let us all, etc.

3
Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggy had none.
CHO. Let us all, etc.

Andante.

PIANO.

Dolce.

1. My Bonnie is o - ver the o - cean, My Bonnie is o - ver the sea;
 2. Oh! blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, And blow, ye winds, o - ver the sea; Oh!

Bonnie is o - ver the o - cean, Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me.
 blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, And bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus.

p AIR. *cres.* *p* *f* *D.C.*

Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me, Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me.

p FIRST TENOR. *cres.* *p* *f* *D.C.*

FIRST BASS.

Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me, Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me.

p SECOND BASS. *cres.* *p* *f* *D.C.*

3

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
 Last night as I lay on my bed,
 Last night as I lay on my pillow,
 I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.
 CHO. Bring back, etc.

4

The winds have blown over the ocean,
 The winds have blown over the sea,
 The winds have blown over the ocean,
 And brought back my Bonnie to me.
 CHO. Bring back, etc.

MA-RI HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

f Allegro con fuoco.

1. { Oh! Ma - ri had a lit - tle lamb, Lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, Ma - ri had a lit - tle lamb, It's
And ev -'ry-where that Ma - ri went, Ma - ri went, Ma - ri went, Ev -'ry-where that Ma - ri went, That
2. { It followed her to school one day, School one day, school one day, It followed her to school one day, Which
It made the children laugh and play, Laugh and play, laugh and play, It made the children laugh and play, To

1. 2. Unison. Bleating.

fleece was white as snow. [omit] Bleating of the lamb, Ba - a - a - ah! Ba - a - a - ah!
[omit] lamb was sure to go. Bleating of the lamb, Ba - a - a - ah! Ba - a - a - ah!
was a - gainst the rule. [omit] see a lamb at school. Bleating of the lamb, Ba - a - a - ah! Ba - a - a - ah!

Oh! ain't I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, Get out the wil - der - ness,
get out the wil - der - ness, Ain't I glad to get out the wil - der - ness, Lean - ing on the lamb.

Rip! slap! set 'em up a - gain, With a bum, jing, jing, With a bum, jing, jing; Rip! slap!
set 'em up a - gain, With a bum, jing, jing, heigh - o! With a bum, jing, jing, With a bum, jing, jing,

Grass-hop-per a - whist - li - ing, "God save the Ki - i - ing," Li - to - ri - a, Li - to - ri - a,

Swee - de - le - we - tchu - hi - ra - sa, Li - to - ri - a, Li - to - ri - a, Swee - de - le - we - dum - bum.

accel. *f*

Whoop! de - du - dah, du - di - u - di - u - dah, du - di - u - di - u - dah, du - di - u - di - u - dah,

ff

WHOOP!! de - du - dah, du - di - u - di - u - dah, du - di - u - di - u - dah, WHOOP!!!

fff 8va.

THE DUKE OF YORK. March.

[May be sung as a two-part round by shouting in the words "And," and "Oh! the."]

f

The no - - ble Duke of York, *x* He had ten thous - and
when they were up, they were up, up, up! And when they were down, they were

f

D.C. ad infin.

men, *x* He marched them up a hill one day, Then marched them down a-gain! AND
down,down,down! And when they were on - ly half - way up, They were neith-er up nor down! OH! THE

JINGLE, BELLS.

Allegro. *mf*

1. Dashing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go,
 2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was
 3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young; Take the girls to - night, And

Laughing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring Mak-ing spir - its bright; What
 seat - ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mis-fort - une seem'd his lot; He
 sing this sleigh-ing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-for - ty for his speed; Then

Chorus. *f*

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night! Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells!
 got in - to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.
 hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

THE POCO'S DAUGHTER.

33

Words by C. W. BRADLEY.

Melody by J. D. REDDING.

1. A po - co lived on Brighton Street, To get him bread and beef to eat He would the verdant students cheat, Down
 2. Now to this po-co's shop one day A Sophomore did wend his way To sell his coat, that he might pay His
 3. The maid con - sent - ed, when she saw The po - co sleeping on the floor; But all too soon her bliss was o'er, For

mf
ritard.

a tempo.

by Charles River's wa - ter. To keep his home - stead clean and neat He had a maiden rare and sweet, She'd board - bill for the quarter. But when he saw the maiden gay, Said he, "I love thee, charming fay!" Then oh! he woke, and caught her. His hair stood up at the sight he saw, For just behind the kitchen door There

Chorus. *ff* >

big black eyes and little white feet, Kat-ri - na, the po-co's daughter. O Po-co, Po-co! keep thine eye On the skip in - to my arms, I pray, Thou love-ly po-co's daughter." O Po-co, Po-co! etc. stood that wicked Soph - o - more, A kiss - ing of his daughter. O Po-co, Po-co! etc.

dark-haired girl, for she is sly, Or you'll be sor-ry by and by, you ev - er had a daughter.

4 For very wrath his nose grew blue,
 He did not know what he did do,
 But straightway seized the wicked two,
 The Sophy and his daughter.
 He sewed them up in meal-bags two,
 Which to the river's bank he drew,
 And then the naughty pair he threw,
 Into Charles River's water.

CHO. — O Poco bold! thou did'st anni -
 Hilate the maid, and she did die;
 And you were sorry, by and by,
 You ever had a daughter.

5 Long years have fled, but still at night,
 O'er Brighton Street a ghost in white,
 An airy Sophomoric sprite,
 Doth seek his Pocorina.
 And when, alone, at dead of night,
 You come from Carl's, a little tight,
 You'll see him in the pale moon-light,
 A-kissing of Katrina.

CHO. — O Poco bold! thou did'st anni -
 Hilate the maid, and she did die;
 But still o'er Harvard Square doth fly
 The spirit of Katrina.

THE ANNEX MAID.

Con anima. mf
SOLO.

CHORUS. *ff*

Solo. *mf*

1. "Where are you go-ing, my pretty maid?" Heave a-way! Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! "I'm
2. "What to do there, my pretty maid?" Heave a-way! Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! "I'm

go-ing to the An-nex, sir," she said, "And I come from the Rio Gran - - - de,"
go-ing to be cul-tured, sir," she said, "And I come from the Rio Gran - - - de,"

Chorus. *ff*

Heave a-way! Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! Heave a-way! Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! "I'm
Heave a-way! Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! Heave a-way! Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! "I'm

go-ing to the An-nex, sir," she said, "And I come from the Rio Gran - - - de."
go-ing to be cul-tured, sir," she said, "And I come from the Rio Gran - - - de."

"What are your studies, my pretty maid?"
Heave away! Heigho! Heigho!
"Chinese and Quaternions, sir," she said,
"And I come from the Rio Grande."
Cho.—Heave away! etc.

"Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?"
Heave away! Heigho! Heigho!
"Cultured girls don't marry, sir," she said,
"And I come from the Rio Grande."
Cho.—Heave away! etc.

Moderato. *mf*

1. The fes-tal day has come, And brightly beams the morning; The sun peeps forth afresh, Our
 2. Come, join in mirth and song, With young hearts fondly beat-ing Sip pleasure while we may, For

Chorus. *Unison.*

festal day ³ adorn-ing, Hurrah! Hurrah! The festal day has come! Hurrah! Hurrah! The festal day has come.

earthly joys are fleeting,

Allegro vivace. *f*

*Upsee, upsee, tra-la - la - la, Upsee, upsee, tra-la - la - la, Upsee, upsee, tra-la - la - la, The festal day has come. I

*Pronounced You-pee.

hear the boots, the boots, the boots, the b-b-b-b-b-boots, Fra Dia-vo-lo, the Rob-ber! Fra Di - a - vo-lo, the Robber! I

hear the boots, the boots, the boots the b-b-b-b-b-boots, Fra Di - a - vo-lo, the Rob - ber. Coming down the stairs.

BEAUTIFUL BALLAD OF WASKA WEE.

Melody by J. D. REDDING.

Con moto. *mf*

Words from SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

1. Her voice was sweet as a ban - go - lin; Her mouth was small as the head of a pin; Her
 2. This Turk - ish man a tur - ban had, This Turk-ish man was sly and bad; He
 3. Now sim - ple Was - ka Sing - ty Wee, So good to hear, so sweet to see, Re -
 4. Then this hor - rid, sly old Turk-ish man De - clared he'd die on the Eng - lish plan, "And
 5. Now the Mi - ka - do was won - drous wise. He opened his mouth, and shut his eyes: "The

eyes ran up, her chin ran down; Oh, she was the belle of Yed - do town. Now lovely Was - ka
 whis - pered un - to Miss Was - ka Wee: "O fly with me to my own Turk - ee! O fly with me to my
 solved be - hind her bash - ful fan To be eightieth wife to this Turkish man; But tho' her heart was
 so," said he, "my bright-winged bird, Thou'l have for thy fortune the wid - ow's third." Then flew the maid to the
 wid - ow's third, O daughter, will be What - ev - er the law will al - low to thee." Then flew the maid to the

Sing - ty Wee, So good to hear, and sweet to see, The fair - est maid in all Jap - an, Fell
 own Turk - ee! And robes of gold I'll give to thee—A girdle of pearls and love for life, If
 full of glee, She hung her head and said to he: "If thou should'st die, my Turk-ish beau, Oh,
 Mi - ka - do, And told the plan of her Turk-ish beau, "And now," said she, "the whole thou'st heard, How
 Court of Lords, Where every man wore a brace of swords, And bade them name what sun would be hers When her

dead in love with a Turkish man. The fair - est maid in all Jap - an, Fell dead in love with a
 thou wilt be my eightieth wife." "A girdle, etc.
 where would poor Was - ka Singly go?" "If thou, etc.
 much will it be, this wid - ow's third?" "And now," etc.
 Turk should go to his fore - fa - thers. And bade, etc.



6 They sat in council from dawn till night,
And sat again till morning light,—
Figured, and counted, and weighed, to see
What an eightieth widow's third would be,

And the end of it all, as you well might know,
Was nought but grief to the Turkish beau;
For lovely Waska Singty Wee
Said: "Go back *alone* to your old Turkee!"

THE YOUNG LOVER.

Ziemlich langsam und zart.

FIRST TENOR. *mf*

pp

THOS. KOSCHAT, Op. 21.

mf a

SECOND TENOR.

1. Dear - est love, be coy, Shun each woo - ing boy! For the boys . . . are . . . wild! But a .
[1st Bass.] For the boys, you know, are ve - ry wild!

2. I have known thee, dear, Now full many a year! In the fields . . . we played 'Mid the
[1st Bass.] In the fields together oft we played

FIRST BASS.

mf

poco rit.

SECOND BASS.

tempo.

mf a

lone to me Mayst thou friendly be, When I come to woo thee, dar - ling child! For I
heath - er sweet, Where the lambs would eat, Have I roamed with thee, a lit - tle maid. Now that

tempo.

rit.

ff

love thee so! As no one else, I know! Thy love-ly im - age stays with me. Came a
[1st Bass.] Thy love-ly im - age ever stays with me.

all is o'er; A lit - tle maid no more Thou art the loveliest girl in town! Though thy

[1st Bass.] Thou art the loveliest girl in all the town!

mf

ff

dan - ger nigh, For thee I'd glad - ly die! God knows it well, who in my heart can see.
moth-er sigh, Though all the world de - ny, My heart will break, if thou art not mine own!

a tempo.

rit.

rit. molto.

MY SUSANNA.

Moderato. *mf*

1. I had a dream the oth - er night, When eve - ry thing was still, I dream't I saw Su
 2. Su - san - na, she's the girl for me, I love her as my life; I asked her on - ly

mf

san - na dear A - coming down the hill; A buckwheat cake was in her mouth, A tear was in her
 yes - ter - day If she would be my wife; She said she lov - ed another man, She did - n't know his

eye; She's the prettiest lit - tle yaller gal, north or south, I ev - er did es - py.
 name; Yet though I know there is no hope, I love her just the same.

BASSES. *ad lib.*

TENORS.

BASSES.

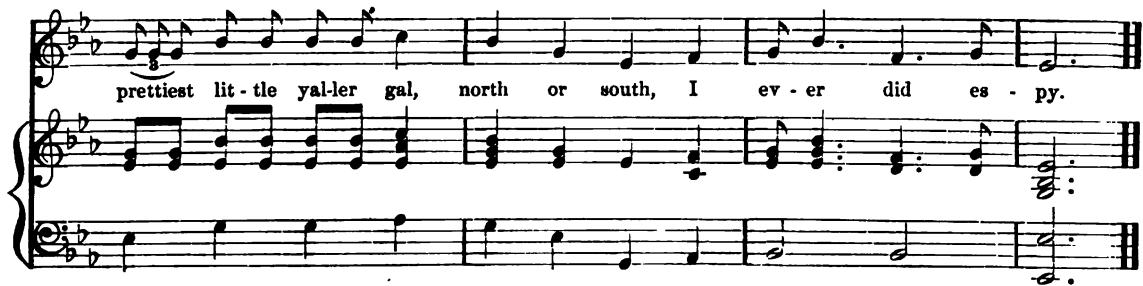
TENORS.

ff

Come, and kiss me! I don't want to! Come, and kiss me! Ma won't let me! Oh! come, and kiss me,

ff

Su - sy, the ap - ple of my eye! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, She's the



DRINKING SONG.

Con spirito. ff

Words and Music by F. R. BURTON.

TENORS.

Heed - - - - less of

1. Fill once a - gain to - geth - er! Drain every flow - ing cup! Heed-less of time or weath - er,

BASSES.

time. Heedless of time or weath - er, Heedless of eve - ry thought.

time . . . or . . . weather } Heed - - - - less of { eve - - ry . . . thought. }

Heedless of eve - ry thought. }

time or . . . weath - er, . . . Heed - less of eve - - ry . . . thought.

Heed - - - - less of time, Heedless of time or weath - er,

Heedless of time or weather, Heedless of every thought; Heed - - - - less of

Heed - - less of time or weath - - - er, Heedless of time or weath - er,

1. Heedless of every thought.

2. Heedless of every thought.

FINE.

{ eve - - ry thought. Why [Omit] . . . eve - - ry thought. } should the dim Here-aft-er Swal - .

{ [Omit] }

Heedless of eve - ry thought.

Heedless of eve - ry thought.

D.C. al fine.

low the Present up? Sto - ry, and song, and laugh - ter: Else-where can joy be sought?

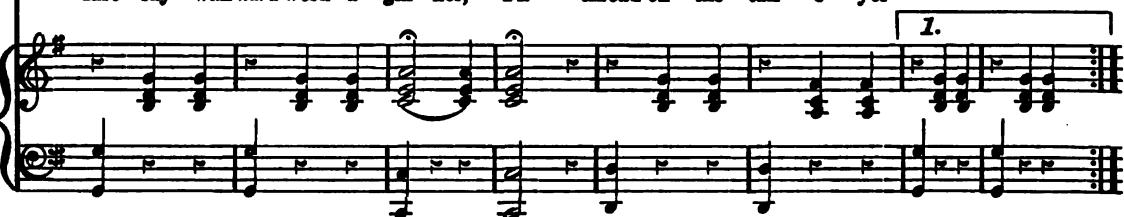
MUSH, MUSH.

Andante. mf

1. Oh, 'twas there I larned ra-din' an' wrt-in', At Billy Brackett's where I wint to school; . . . And 'twas
me we had mon-y a scrimmage, An' div-il a copy I wrote; . . . There was
2. Oh, 'twas there that I larned all me courtin', O' the lissons I tuck in the art! . . . Till
Con-nor, she lived jist for-nint me, An' tin-der lines to her I wrote; . . . If ye



there I larned howlin' and figh-tin' Wid me schoolmasher, Mis-ter O' Toole, Himan'
ne'er a gos-soon in the vil-lage Dared thread on the tail o' my—
Cu-pid, the blackguard, while sportin' An' ar-row dhruv straight through me heart. Miss Judy O'
dare say wan hard word a-gin her, I'll thread on the tail o' yer—

*Chorus.*

2.



Mush,mush,mush, tu - ral - i - ad - dy! Sing,mush,mush,mush,tu - ral - i - a! . . . There was
If ye

2.



3. But a blackguard, called Micky Maloney,
Came an' sthole her affections away;
Fur he'd money an' I hadn't ony
So I sint him a challenge nixt day.
In the A. M. we met at Killarney,
The Shannon we crossed in a boat;
An' I lathered him wid me shillaly,
Fur he throd on the tail o' me—CHO.

4. Oh, me fame wint abroad through the nation,
An' folks came a-flockin' to see;
An' they cried out, widout hesitation:
"You're a fightin' man, Billy McGee!"
Oh, I've claned out the Finnigan faction,
An' I've licked all the Murphy's a-float;
If you're in fur a row or a raction,
Jist ye thread on the tail o' my—CHO.

THE QUILTING PARTY.

41

Andante.

1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
 2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas

cres.

from Aunt Di - nah's quilting party, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.
 from Aunt Di - nah's quilting party, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

*Chorus. *mf**

I was see - ing Nel - lie home, I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas
mf

from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.
repeat pp.

3

On my lips a whisper trembled,
 Trembled till it dared to come;
 And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
 I was seeing Nellie home.

4

On my life new hopes were dawning,
 And those hopes have lived and grown;
 And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
 I was seeing Nellie home.

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.

Allegro. Solo.

1. Oh, I went down South, for to see my Sal; Sing, "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle" all the day!
2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid-en fair; Sing, "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle" all the day!

My
With

Chorus.

Sal - ly am a spunk-y gal, Sing, "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle" all the day! Fare-well! . . . Fare - .
cur - ly eyes and laugh-ing hair, Sing, "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle" all the day! Bass. Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare the

well! . . . Fare-well, my fa-ry fay! Oh, I'm off to Loui - an - a, for to see my Su-sy An-na, Singing,
well! Fare thee well!

"Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle" all the day! Fare - well! . . . Fare - well! . . . Fare - well, my fa-ry
Bass. Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

fay! fay! fay! Oh! I'm off to Louisi - an - a, for to see my Su - sy An-na, Singing, "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

3 Oh! I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across;
Sing, "Polly," etc.
An' I jumped upon a nigger, an' I tho't he was a hoss;
Sing, "Polly," etc. — Cho.

4 Oh! a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack. — Cho.

5 Oh! I went to bed, but it wasn't no use;
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost — Cho.
6 Behind de barn, down on my knees;
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze. — Cho.
7 He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin'-cough,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off. — Cho.
And so on *ad infinitum*.

AURA LEE.

Dolce. p *cres.* *cres.*

1. As the blackbird in the spring, 'Neath the willow tree Sat and pip'd, I heard him sing, Singing Au-ra Lee.
2. On her cheek the rose was born; There was music when she spoke; In her eyes the rays of morn, With sudden splendor break.

p *cres.* *cres.*

Chorus. *cres.* *p*

Au-ra Lee! Au-ra Lee! Maid of golden hair! Sunshine came along with thee, And swallows in the air.

mf *cres.* *p*

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MY LADY.

Andante. mf *cres.* *mf* *cres.* *I.* *Vit. 2.*

1. I hear, I hear, I hear my la - dy, ha! ha! ha! I hear, I hear, I hear my la - dy, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
2. I see, I see, I see my la - dy, ha! ha! ha! I see, I see, I see my la - dy, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
3. I love, I love, I love my la - dy, ha! ha! ha! I love, I love, I love my la - dy, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
4. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round, Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round, world go round.

mf

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FAREWELL FOR EVER.

Words by H. B. FARNIE.

Music by MICHAEL CONNELLY

PIANO.

dolce. *Ped.*

All night thro' thy slumbers my passionate numbers Have thrill'd to thy dreaming heart, Till drawn .
My heart wildly beating would hear thee repeating Thy vow, thou art mine alone; And far .

poco agitato.

... by my sorrow, Thou wal'kst with the morrow, To know that this hour we part. The dews of last night are
... o'er the pillow, My dream-haunted pillow Shall bring thee a-gain, mine own, One touch on my hand, one

Ped. poco agitato.

ritard.

dry on the plain, Yet on my cheeks tears are falling like rain. Oh! *Farewell for ever, Farewell to thee!*
kiss on my brow, Over! and thou art a memory now.

Ped.

p ad lib. D.C.

Mountains may sever, man - y a lea! Bright tho' our dreaming, 'Twas not to be, *Farewell, my own, to thee!*

Ped. #

FORSAKEN AM I!

45

English words by LUDWIG.
First and Second Tenor.
pp Slow.

THOS. KOSCHAT.

GIN-SLING.

AIR—“Good old colony times.”

THE MERRY CHINK, CHINK, CHINK.

Words and Music by G. W. Hunt.

Allegro. mf

1. Some sing of charming woman, Some sing in praise of drink, I'll sing of what we all a-dore, And that's the mer-ry chink. You may

call it filthy lucre, You may call it filthy dross, But up a tree you're sure to be When you've to mourn its loss.

Chorus.

For there's nothing half so jolly as the chink, chink, chink, Nothing half so handy as the chink, chink, chink. You may

do without a wife, You may do with-out a drink, But you can't do with-out the merry chink, chink, chink.

2. A roguish little darling land
Enchantment to your life;
Your paradise would be complete,
If she'd become your wife;
Towards bliss madam Cupid
Blindly leads you to the brink,
Where he very often drops you
If you haven't got the "chink."—Cmo.

3. And where would be our darlings,
Oh! whatever would they do?
There'd be no balls nor picnics,
Nor sang dinners up at Kew,
Sylvan and Edgar's, Peter Robinson's,
And such "swell" shops I think
Would be bought to them without that
Most accommodating "chink."—Cmo.

4. Should you wish to test your better-half,
As to her love for "Tin,"
Just sign her check and leave it blank,
And let her fill it in.
Each week the bank rate would go up
We'd all go smash I think,
If lovely woman only had
The run of all the chink!—Cmo.

THE LADY IN CRAPE.

Andante. mf

1. There came to the Cape a La - dy in Crape, Of whom you may not hear: . . .
 2. And when with a clang the din - ner bell rang, To the ban - quet hall they sped; . . .
 3. And when with their lines they sat 'neath the pines, And fished in mute de - spair, . . .
 4. These words that she ut - tered were scarce - ly muttered, When her line grew as heavy as lead; . . .

She wrote her - self down in the vis - i - tor's book, As the "La - dy from Gar - di - neer."
 They sat re - mote at the ta - ble - d - ate, While the boarders sat at the head.
 As the fish-er - men passed they howl'd thro' the blast: "Oh, give us a lock of your hair!"
 And up rose a creat-ure, whose ev - er - y fea - ture, Re - sem - bled her hus - band dead.

And with her was seen a La - dy in Green, Of whom you may hear more; . . .
 The boarders . . . proud laugh'd long . . . and loud, Loud laugh'd each lit - tle child; . . .
 The La - dy, she said, "My hus - band is dead, A drownded man is he! . . .
 "Come hither to me, in the deep blue sea!" And he pull'd so hard at her line, . . .

Her hus - band was drowned in Long Is - land Sound, So sea - green weeds she wore. . .
 As they ate their chow - der they laughed the loud - er; But these nei - ther ate nor smiled. . .
 I wish he would rise, with his pale blue eyes, And speak one word to me." . . .
 That he drew her down, in her pale green gown, While she sang, "For - ev - er thine!" . . .

WELLESLEY COLLEGE SONG.

"All Hail to the College Beautiful."

Written for the "Literary" of the Zeta-Alpha and Phi-Sigma Societies of Wellesley College, June 22, 1877.

Words by Miss K. L. BATES.

Music by C. H. MORAN.

Con moto.

SOPRANOS.

1. All hail to the College Beau - ti - ful! All hail to the na - vy - blue! All hail to the girls who are
 2. All hail to the College Beau - ti - ful! All hail to the brave and bright! She has taken her place in the
 3. All hail to the College Beau - ti - ful! All hail to the sacred walls! Where sinking a-way in the

ALTOS.

gracioso.

gath'ring pearls from the shells that are o - pen to few! From the shells upcast by the ebb - ing Past On the
 swift-sandaled race Where the strong man smiles in his might, Oh, shin-ing a-rise the lights in her eyes, And her
 shad - owy gray, Aye, the sun's last ra - di - ance falls! Where first on the lake the daybeams awake, And the

shores where, faithful and true, An earnest band, with the grop - ing hand, Are seeking the jewels from
 hands are hot for the prize. Now fast and far let the race be tried! She runs in her weakness and
 Spring's white mans - cles break. But flushed in waking or pale in rest, With leaves on her hair or with

Moderato.

un - der the sand; And spreading a - broad through the breadth of the land The name of the navy blue, And spreading a -
 he in his pride, But run as they will, they will run side by side, And share in the victor's right, But run as they
 snows on her breast; For - ev - er the fair - est, and noblest, and best, All hail to her sa - cred walls! Forev - er the

Chorus. beau - ti - ful

broad through the breadth of the land, The name of the na - vy - blue. All hail to the College, hail! All
 will, they will run side by side, And share in the vic - tor's right.
 fair - est, and no - blest, and best, All hail to her sa - cred walls!

hail to the royal throne, Whence her heart within her burning, Silver - voiced, far-eyed Learning looks up -

WELLESLEY COLLEGE SONG. Concluded.

49

Maestoso.

1st & 2nd verses. *last verse, ad lib.*

IN HEAVEN ABOVE.

Solo. Allegro molto, f

Chorus.

Chorus.

f

$H_2\text{SO}_4$.

AIR—“*The Menagerie.*”

mf

Words by Miss M. C. Emo, Class of '80, Wellesley College.

1. DIRECTIONS. You take a few piece-es of zinc, And put in your gen - er - a - tor, Add 2. OBSERVATIONS. The ac - tion was not very briak, When I put in H , S O “ So I 3. CONCLUSIONS. As I wiped up the ac - id and zinc, And swept up the glass from the floor, I com -

Chorus. f

wa - ter,then plug in the cork, And pour in H , S O , And pour in H , S O , And tried ni - tric ac - id to see If the thing wouldn't bubble up more,If the thing wouldn't bubble up more,If the clud - ed I'd stick to di - rections, And try my own methods no more,And try my own methods no more,And

pour in H , S O , Add wa - ter,then plug in the cork, And pour in H , S O , thing wouldn't bub - ble up more,So I tried ni - tric ac - id to see If the thing wouldn't bubble up more, try my own methods no more,I con - clud - ed I'd stick to di - rections, And try my own methods no more.

THE BOLD FISHERMAN.

Tempo di valse. mf

Words and Music by G. W. Hunt.

1. There once was a bold Fish-er-man, Who sail'd forth from Billingsgate, To catch the mild
 2. First he wrig - gled, then he strig - gled, In the wa - ter so bri-ny - o, He bel - low'd and he
 3. His ghost walked that ni - i - ght, To the bed - side of his Ma - ry Jane; He told her how

po - gy, And the shy mack - er - el. But when he arrove off Pim - li - co, The stormy wind, it did be -
 yel - lowed Out for help, but in vain; Then down did he gently gli - i - ide, To the bottom of the sil - v'ry
 dead he was, "Then," says she, "I'll go mad!" "For since my dovey is so dead," says she, "All jo - o - oy from me has

Chant ad lib.

gin to blow, And his lit - tle boat, it wib - ble wob - ble so, That slick o - ver - board he fell. *Spoken.* All among the
 Conger eels, and the Dover soles, and the kippered Herrings, and the Dutch place, and the Whitebait, and the Blackbait, and the
 Tittlebait, and the Brickbats, and the Mullbobs, and the Pummy-jobs, singing:

ti - i - ide, But pre - vi - ously to that he cri - i - ied, "Fare - well, Ma - ry Jane!" *Spoken.* When he came
 to the *terra firma* at the bottom of the *aqua pura*, he simply took a cough-lozenge, and murmured:

fled," says she, "I'll go a raving lun - i - ac!" says she. And she went star - ing mad. *Spoken.* She thereupon
 tore her best chignon to smithereens, danced the "Can-Can" on the top of the water-butt, and joined the Woman's Rights Association,
 and frequently edifies the anglo members thereof by softly chanting a song of plaintive memory, viz.:

Chorus. f

Twin - kle doo - die - dum, Twin - kle doo - die - dum, That's the high - ly in - ter - est - ing
 Twin - kle doo - die - dum, Twin - kle doo - die - dum, That's the re - frain of the gen - tie
 Twin - kle doo - die - dum, Twin - kle doo - die - dum, That's the kind of soul - in - spir - ing

THE BOLD FISHERMAN. Concluded.

51

D.C.

song he sung: Twinkle doo - die-dum, Twin - kle doo - die-dum, Oh ! the bold Fish - er - man !
 song he sung: Twinkle doo - die-dum, Twin - kle doo - die-dum, Said the bold Fish - er - man !
 strain she sung: Twinkle doo - die-dum, Twin - kle doo - die-dum, Oh ! the bold Fish - er - man !

D.C.

MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

Espressivo. mf

1. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, . . . Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, . . . Oh,
 BASSES: Meerschaum pipe, . . .

Unison. *ff*

who will smoke my meer-schaum pipe, When I am far a-way? . . . BASSES: Alie Bazan! BAD MAN!!!

2. Oh, who will wear my cast-off boots ?
 Allie Bazan ! Johnnie Moran !
3. Oh, who will hoist my green umbrell !
 Allie Bazan ! Johnnie Moran ! Mary McCann !
4. Oh, who will go to see my girl ?
 Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
 Kazecazan !
5. Oh, who will take her out to ride ?
 Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
 Kazecazan, Yucatan !

* Repeat this strain once for second stanza, twice for third, etc.

6. Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand ?
 Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
 Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo !
7. Oh, who will trot her on his knee ?
 Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
 Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan !
8. Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips ?
 Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
 Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan,
 BAD MAN !!!

† For last stanza only.

THE MAID OF YORK BEACH.

Allegro. mf

1. Oh, sometime to come, I remember it well, Ting! ting! 'Way down on York Beach a maiden did dwell; Ting! ting! She
mf

dwell with her father and mother serene, Her age it was red, and her hair was nineteen, Ting-a-ting! ting! ting! ting! ting! Ting-a-ting! ting!
rall.

2. Now close to this maiden her lover did dwell,
 Ting! ting!
 He was cross-legged in botheyes, and knock-kneed as well,
 Ting! ting!
 Said he, "Fly with me by the light of yon star,
 For you are the eye of my apple, you are!"
 Ting-a-ting! ting! etc.

3. She answered him simply, "My heart knows no fear,
 Ting! ting!
 See the passion I feel by this glittering tear.
 Ting! ting!
 Let us depart to-night, ere my father discerns,
 The love of the fervor that in each of us burns."
 Ting-a-ting! ting! etc.

4. Now when the old par-i-ent heard of the raid,
 Ting! ting!
 He quickly did open the knife of his blade,
 Ting! ting!
 And went with his throat at the lover's fond steel,
 Saying, "I'll cure you both of this 'passion you feel.'"
 Ting-a-ting! ting! etc.

5. Now this lover sank down, and reposed in his gore,
 Ting! ting!
 And the fond maiden's fair tears availed her no more,
 Ting! ting!
 What a tragedy, now, for a maiden so fair,
 Whose age it was red, and nineteen was her hair!
 Ting-a-ting! ting! etc.

THE BAGPIPES.

NOTE.—As the soloist reaches the climax of the swell in the last measure, the chorus, *diminuendo-ing*, turn on their heels and scatter in all directions, thus illustrating the peculiar *die-away* dissipation of sound characteristic of the bag-pipes. Meanwhile the soloist, holding his note, stands facing the audience, and puts an added volume of twang into his finish, as though he had, with an effort, squeezed his bag flat.

Andante. *mf*

1. There were three flies, once on a time, De- ter-mined for to travel and change their clime; For they
mf
 didn't care a hang for their father, nor their mother, Nor their uncle, nor their aunt, nor their sister, nor their brother.

2. The first was a yellow one, the second was blue,
 The third was a green one to the view,
 And away they flew with a "hi-ho-hum,"
 Singing as they went, "Glory hallelu-jah-rum!"

3. They hadn't gone far, when the yellow one cries,
 "Look down, my boys! a supper I spies;"
 But the blue one answered, "Upon my word,
 I can see nothing but an old dead bird."

4. "An old dead bird! there's good in that;
 I'm sure it looks uncommon fat;
 And I hope as how I may go to Davy,
 If I don't have some of that rich gravy."

5. But the others too dainty were by half.—
 Now I can't sing, if you do laugh.—
 Take a lesson from a fly,
 And never give way to *lux-ur-y*.

6. Away then flew the other two,
 John-i-y Green and Jack-i-y Blue,
 They flew on far, and did not stop,
 Till they came opposite a butcher's shop.

7. "Oh ho!" says Blue-bottle, "Here's a treat!
 I'm particularly fond of butcher's meat."
 "Then," says Greeny, "off I go,
 For I don't care for meat, you know."

8. Off by himself the other one flowed,
 And into a grocery shop he goed,
 And there he played some very merry rigs,
 For he walked into the sugar, and he pitched into the figs.

9. The day very hot, he took a whim,
 Into the treacle-pot fot to have a swim,
 And without considering, in he goes,
 Not even stopping for to take off his clothes

10. The other two passed by the door,
 They heer-ed a voice they'd heer-ed before;
 And flying nearer to the spot,
 They lighted on the treacle-pot.

11. And there they found him, almost dead,
 And unto him Blue-bottle said,—
 "Oh! Greeny! Greeny! all our arts can't save ye;
 You'd much better ha' partaken of our butcher's meat and gravy."

MORAL.

12. *Take a lesson from a fly,*
 And never give way to *luxur-y*.
 And all young folks inclined to roam,
 Take my advice, and stay at home!

I'VE LOST MY DOGGY.

Con dolore.

I've lost my doggy, Who's seen my bow-wow? Poor lit-tle doggy! Bow-wow-wow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow!

CLOTILDA. A Serenade.

[This is to be sung over and over, the pitch being raised a whole tone at each repetition.]

In unison.

Clo-til - da! Clo - til - da! My heart you be - wil - der! * (Stamp! stamp! Clap! clap!) †Good-night!

* Acted.

† Shouted.

HALICO! CALICO!

Moderato. *mf*

1. As I went by a red-her-ring pond, I saw a lit - tle dog for - ty feet long,
 CHORUS.—Sing, Ha - li - co, ca - li - co, lung - i - dor - glay, Set your dog on your dog, let your dog lay,
 2. What shall we do with the red-her-ring's fins? Make 'em all up in - to Fresh - man pins;

mf

1.

Chorus. *D.C.*

(1) For - ty feet long, and fif - ty feet square, And if that is - n't so, why, then, I was - n't there.
 (2) Fresh - man pins for the Freshman that sins, And that's what we'll do with the red - her-ring's fins.

2. *accel.*

(Cho.) Set your dog on your dog, ros - in your bol - li - wog, Tumble up, tur-nip head, Fly a - way, gin - ger bread,

Chant ad lib.

(Cho.) Get on your mus - cle - o, Don't you de - ceive me so, Shilly-pap-poodle my other dorg a - Bou - li - wag - gy - o!

3. What shall we do with the red-herring's heart?
 Make it all up into Freshman tart;

Freshman tart for the Freshman that's smart,
 And that's what we'll do with the red-herring's heart.

CHO.—Sing, Halico, calico, etc.

4. What shall we do with the red-herring's scales?

Make 'em all up into Freshman flails;
 Freshman flails for the Freshman that quails,
 And that's what we'll do with the red-herring's scales.

CHO.—Sing, Halico, calico, etc.

COCKLES AND MUSSELS.

55

Andante, m/

1. In Dub-lin City where the girls they are so pretty, 'Twas there I first met with sweet Molly Ma-lone; She
 2. She was a fish-monger and that was the wonder, Her father and mother were fishmongers too; They
 3. She died of the fever, and noth-ing could save her, And that was the end of sweet Molly Ma-lone; But her

drove a wheelbarrow thro' streets broad and narrow, Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a - live, all a - liver"
 drove wheelbarrows thro' streets broad and narrow, Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a - live, all a - liver"
 ghost drives a barrow thro' streets broad and narrow, Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a - live, all a - liver"

Chorus.

A - live, a - live - o! A - live, a - live - o! Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a - live, all a - liver"

WHO CAN TELL? Catch.

Am— "Three blind mice."

Fina

1. Why the Fresh, Why the Fresh, Why the Fresh,
 D.C. Who can tell? Who can tell? Who can tell?
 2. How much sport, How much sport, How much sport,
 D.C. Who can tell? etc.

When - - e'er they hear, When - - e'er they hear, When - e'er they hear, The
 Soph - - - o - mors have, Soph - - - o - mors have, Soph - o - mors have, In
 D.C.

tramping of feet in the dead of night, Spring out of bed in a fearful fright, And se-cure their doors so wondrously tight,
 div - ing in - to all sorts of scrapes, In "salt-ing" of Fresh, and "curing" of grapes, In the "gobbling of gobblies" and narrow escapes,

3

How much more, | *Ter.*
 Of Junior time, | *Ter.*
 With thoughts far away from the book in hand,
 Is spent in the castles of airy land,
 Where celestial beauties bewitchingly stand,
 Who can tell? | *Ter.*

4

What success, | *Ter.*
 Seniors have, | *Ter.*
 By practice of "Science," and practice of "Arts"
 Through making of love, and breaking of hearts
 In becoming a prey to "Cupidine" darts,
 Who can tell? | *Ter.*

NAUGHTY CLARA.

Words by HUNTER.

Melody by KNOWLES.

Moderato.

1. My head's in a whirr thro' a sweet lit - tie girl; Her sweet lit - tie name is
 2. Her hair is as bright as the sweet sun - light, Her cheek as fair as the
 3. Oh what can I do, where can I go to, For this haughty, naugh - ty

Cla - ra, There ne'er was a maid such a dear lit - tie jade, There ne'er was a
 dawn-ing, But to speak of love to my own lit - tie dove, Is sure to
 fair one, If I take her a rose she turns up her nose, And says she

la - dy fair - er. But she's such a tease, that I never can please, And
 set her yawn - ing. I swear by her eyes, I swear by the skies, I
 ne'er could bear me. And if we go out there's a bo-ther a - bout, Her

quite alarm'd I'm get-ting, She nev - er seems right from
 swear by the stars a - bove me, But she doesn't care for the
 taking my arm when walking, And in between whiles up-on

NAUGHTY CLARA. Concluded.

57

morning till night, Un-less she is co-quett ing. Oh!
 more I swear, The more she does n't love me. Oh!
 others she smiles, And with them will be talk ing. Oh!

Naughty, Naughty, Clara! how can you serve me so?..... I'll go to De-me-

ra - ra, if you tell me to go!..... I'll climb up all the moun - tains, I'll swim o'er

D.C.

all the seas.... If you will on - ly love me dear, I'll do just what you please....

GEE! WHOA! DOBBIN!

Andante. 'p

Gee! Whoa! Dobbin! Drive on de wag-in! Gee! Whoa! Dobbin! oh! Dobbin! Gee! Whoa! Dobbin, Gee! Whoa!

cres.

1. 2.

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SERENADE.

Andante con espress. Music by F. R. BURTON.

Words by BARRY CORNWALL.

3. Awake! within the musk-rose bower,
I watch, pale flower of love, for thee;
Ah! come and show the starry hour,
||: What wealth of love thou hid'st from me. :||
Awake! awake! awake!
||: Show all thy love, for love's sweet sake. :||

4. Awake! ne'er heed, though listening night
Steal music from thy silver voice:
Uncloud thy beauty, rare and bright,
||: And bid the world and me rejoice. :||
Awake! awake! awake!
||: She comes, — at last, for love's sweet sake! :||

MAID OF COUNTY PERTH.

AIR. *Andante.*

Chorus.

THE BULL-DOG.

59

Moderato. mf
SOLO. FIRST TENOR.

SOLO. FIRST TENOR.

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,

Oh! the
Oh! the

SOLO. FIRST BASS.

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,

attacca il chor. f Chorus. Allegro.

bull-dog on the bank,
bull-dog stooped to catch him,

AIR. Oh! the bull dog on the
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to

SOLO. SECOND BASS. *rit ad lib.*

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,

bank, And the bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog called the bull-frog, A green old wa-ter-fool.
catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw, The pol-ly-wog died a-laugh-ing, To see him wag his jaw.

Sing-ing tra la la la { la la la... sing-ing tra la la la { la la la... Sing-ing

{ leil-i-o... { leil-i-o... { leil-i-o...

tra la la la la, sing-ing tra la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la { la la la.
{ leil-i-o,

repeat *pp*

3 Says the monkey to the owl:
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
"Why, since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."

4 Oh! the bull-dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practising the Highland Fling.
And singing opera bouffe.

5 Says the tom-cat to the dog:
"Oh! set your ears agog,
For Jules about to tête-à-tête
With Romeo, incog."

6 Says the bull-dog to the cat:
"Oh! what do you think they're at?
They're spooning in the dead of night:
But where's the harm in that?"

7 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the water,
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
And sent him off to school.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS. Chant.

Solemnly.

1. Once on a time there were three little kittens, who lived together, in a basket of saw - - aw - - - dust;

After 3d stanza.

Said the first little kitten un - to the two other lit - { "If you don't get } Why, I must!" That's so! *

* With a vigorous nod of affirmation.

2. Now these three little kittens (pretty ones) | lived together | in the basket of saw-aw-dust;

Said the second little kitten | unto | the two other little cats,

"If you don't just get out of this, | Why, I must!"

3. Still, the three pretty little kittens (such was their imperturbability) | continued to live together | in the basket of saw-aw-dust;

Said the third little kitten' | unto | the two other little cats, |

"If you don't just get out of this, | Why, I shall Bust!!" That's so.

I WISH I WERE A—.

Con espress.

1. I wish I were a rhi - nos - o - rhe - cus, . . . And could wear an iv - 'ry tooth-pick on my nose;
D.C. I'm a June-bug, and I'm a bee - tie, . . . I can buzz and butt my head a-against the wall.

p FINE.

But oh! I am not! alas! I can not Be a rhi - nos - o - - rhi - nos - o - rhe - cus.

D.C.

2. I wish I were an elephan-ti-us,
And could pick the co-coa-nuts off with my nose!
But oh! I am not! alas! I cannot!
Be an el-e-phán—el-e-phán-ti-us;
I'm a cock-roach, and I'm a water-bug,
I can wander round the musty old lead pipes.

3. I wish I were a hippo-pot-a-mus,
And could swim the broad Euphrates, and eat grass!
But oh! I am not! alas I cannot!
Be a hip-po-po — hip-po-pot-a-mus;
I'm a grass-hopper, and I'm a katydid,
I can play the fiddle with my left hind leg,
I—(cooly) can play the violin with MY LEFT REAR LIME

Ω. Λ. X.

A lockstep march

AIR. Oh! my! Omega Lam-bda Chi! We meet to - night to cel - e - brate our O-me-ga Lambda Chi.

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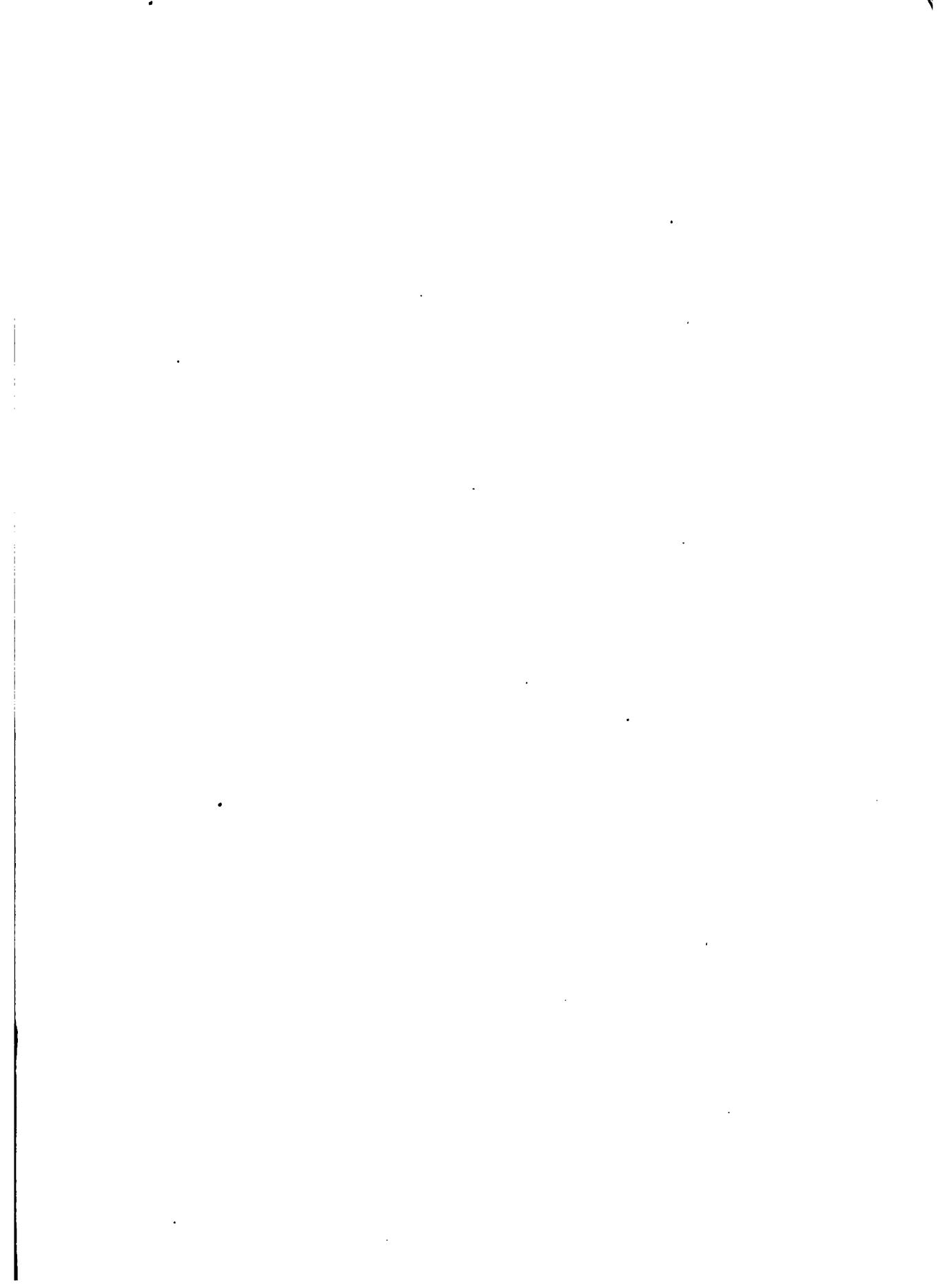
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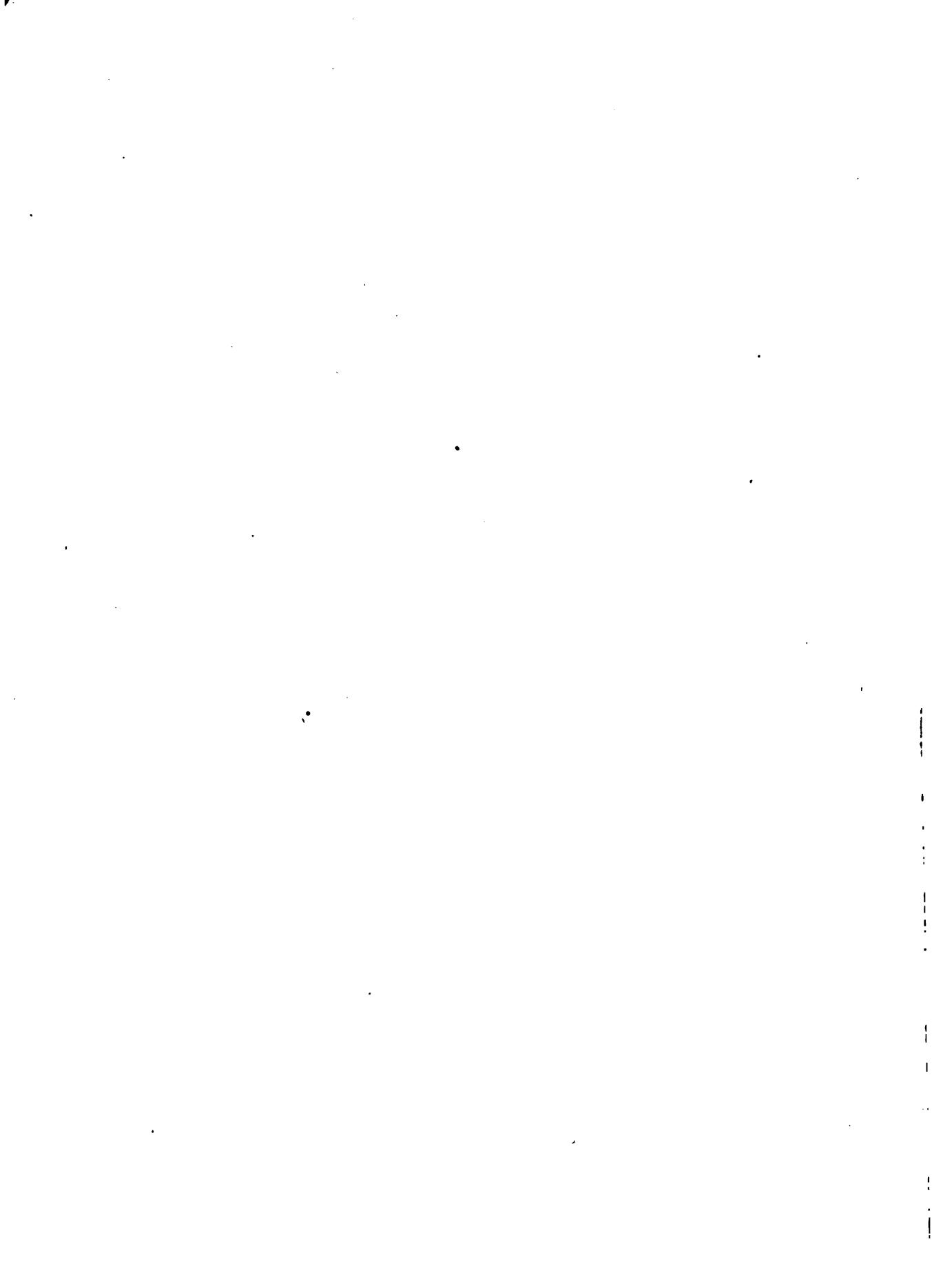
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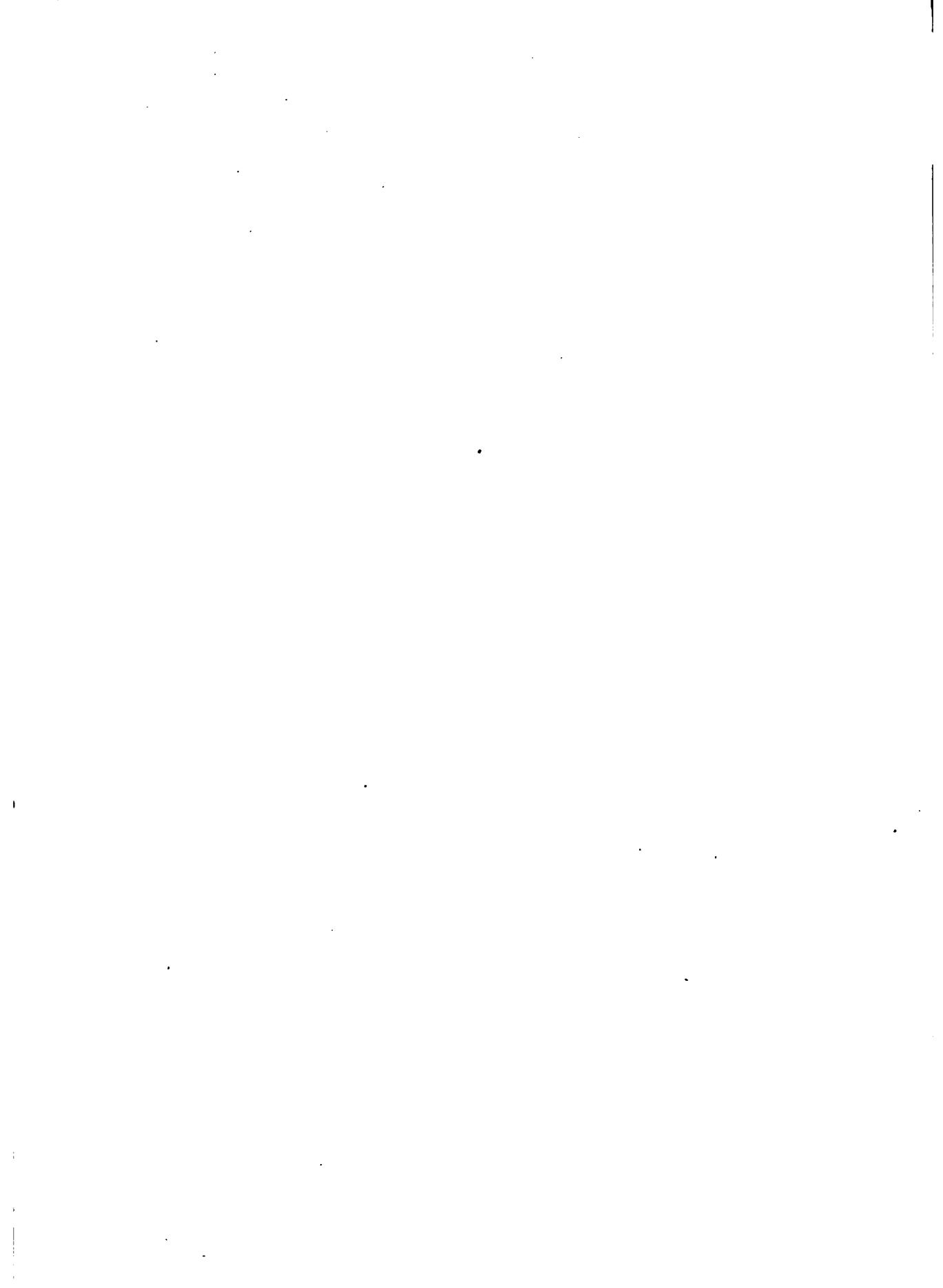
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